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345,468

WORLDS PER DAY.

Unimpeachable Testimony. MAY 7TH, 1889

RTHE a therough examination of the Circuistion soons, brees and Mail Room Reports and Newscassing accounts of the NEW YOURK WORLD, also the receipted bills from various Paper Cempanies which supply the NEW YORK WORLD, as sold as the indersed opecks given in payment lands are acrossynched, and certify they there were Principle and Actually Circuisted during the amount of March, 1840, a total of TEM STATEMENT OF THE WORLD AND THE CONTROL OF THE WORLD AND THE CONTROL OF THE WORLD. MAD. W. A. CAMP.

Manager of the New York Clearing-House.
O. B. BALDWIN.

President of the American Loui and Trust Co.
THOS. L. JAMES.

President of the Lincoln National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM :

N.) 10.709.520 (345.468

AVERAGE NO. OF WORLDS 345.46

AVERAGE DAILY CIRCULA 354.86

WHY IS HE DUMB?

"Things are quieting down admirably." mays ex-Judge Fullenton, Flack's counsel. That is the policy of the high officials who. Judge BOORSTAVER says, deceived and imposed upon his Court.

There is every chance for things to quiet down Judge BOOKSTAVER has gone to the Yellowstone, gone at the time of all times when he ought to have stayed at home. But he has left his reputation behind him, for daws to peck at.

The Judge owed it to his good name to punish FLACE, MONELL and MEEES for making a mockery of his judgeship. Now they may sanctify themselves by clamoring for full investigation, with no danger of its being

granted. FLACE and MONESL must either vindicate themselves or resign. Now we warn Judge BOOKSTAVER to come home before popular judgment puts him in the same dilemma.

It will not take until September either. Maybe he is already there.

THE GIANTS PRESIDENT.

A model baseball President is John B Daw of this town. And he has the pluck, the level head, the streak of human nature, the clean-cut characteristics that make a pen-

When the Beancaters get dipped into the Western soup twice in succession Director

Day is not the man to send buckets of cold water and vitriol over the wires. He very properly believes that sympathetic encouragement is a better encouragement to base-

The New York team's respect and regard from Mr. Day did much to tide over that long said unfortunate season of baseball homeless mesa. And it will not be the New York President's fault if the pennant does not wave at the Polo Grounds all next year.

CONSISTENCY, THOU ART A JEWEL.

There is a commodity-or at least was, once -known as even-handed justice,

Yesterday EBEN S. ALLEN, ex-President of the Green Car Line, met at the hands of Judge GraneasLeave the maximum sentence of the law-fourteen years at hard labor. He had pleaded guilty to the false issuance of stock of the Company whose head he was, and thrown himself on the mercy of the

He did not get any. Perhaps justly.

But it was before Judge GILDERSLEEVE, too. that the policy men were brought, to convict whom THE EVENING WORLD had spent months in securing evidence. These fellows -professional criminals, the most vicious and despicable of the gambling class, and whose illegal earnings are the pennies of the poor-they, too, pleaded guilty, and appealed for the same mercy.

They got it. Judge GILDERSLEEVE was told personally the whole disgracefulness of their business. But instead of imposing the full penalty he fined them \$50 and let them go about their thieving trade. It may be law.

ME ISMAYS BAD BREAK.

B might have been good English manners for J. Baucz Ismar, Managing Director of the White Star Line, to slur American Congress-

TOROW VINITED TO THE TOTAL PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF THE P men, as he did in his speech on board the Teutonic, and dwell upon their inferiority to the British M. P. But it wasn't good business sense. He ought not to have forgotten that we are the people who support his White Star Line. And the very Americans before whom he was airing his English were at that minute shell-

Mr. Ismay recovered his senses in time to apologize when taken to task for the insult. Maybe he'll remember hereafter that there are two sides to his bread,

WHERE THE ERROR LAY.

The cross-counter which Mississippi justice got in on JOHN L. yesterday was a stunner. It must make the other Yankees who are going down there to surrender themselves feel mighty comfortable.

Be sure that if Judge TERRELL once get the big fellow in chancery he will pound him out of recognition.

You made a mistake in the first place, John. You should have shot KILBAIN full of holes with a Smith & Wesson, and Mississippi would have canonized you.

A CRANK THAT KEEPS TURNING.

Writing to his "own cousin crank," Citizen TRAIN, LUTHER R. MARSH admonishes that "there is always a place to stop and cry : Hold enough !"

Yes, but Lawyer Mansu doesn't seem to have found it yet. He is still head over heels in the mysteries of spook life. Practise what you preach, LUTHER.

BENJAMIN'S TWO TRAITS.

President Buy didn't speak to GROVES CLEVELAND yesterday when they met at the Fall River pler. Broad-minded man, our President, but saving alike of shinplasters and civilities. He travelled deadhead. GROVER paid his fare like a man.

The killing of young CLARENCE PELL, of this city, a Yale Sophomore, in the North Woods yesterday is a form of accident that has become stereotyped, but loses none of its horror by that. Nowadays there are more bunters than deer, and caution cannot be carried too

Snow fell at Gettysburg yesterday. This is a cold world. But Gettysburg is a great place for extremes. There were hot times there about twenty-five years ago, as many have cause to remember.

Old Mrs. Sidner, who died at Deckertown, N. J., Tuesday, agod 105, had smoked a clay pipe for forty years. And she didn't die of old age or nicotine poisoning, either.

Giants, stop your feeling now.

Saratoga's Vanity Fair. See the Sunday

CURED BY AN "ELIXIR."

A Successful Practical Joke Perpetrated on a Man with the Blace

(From the Patteburg Chroniele, ) A young man of this city whose continual complainings and whinings have long made life a burden to his friends when in his society has just been cured by the Brown Sequard chair of life.

At least that is what the young man thinks did the business for him. He has long been noted for a vivid and powerful imagination, which, among his enemies, gave rise to the malicious rumor that he was not on speaking terms with the truth. Knowing this fact, a couple of friends of his, who, through business necessity, were much in his company, and consequently great sufferers, applied to a physician for a physician for a hypodermic injection or a physician for a hypodermic injection or

a physician for a hypodermic injection or something to effect a cure.

"The doctor entered into the spirit of the affair, and a casual introduction was brought about with the unsuspecting patient, who at once began a particularized description of his symptoms. Seeing that the young man had evidently been a close reader of patient medicine advertisements and that where there were cine advertisements, and that where there were so many symptoms no important screw could be loose, the doctor imparted to him confi-Billings, from the South End of Boston, wires irate telegrams to the manager and fairly lacerates the feelings of every man on the tesm. The immediate and natural result is worse ball playing than ever.

Now that the Giants drop a couple of games in the Simoky City do Mursif and his men get an unconscionable and brutal raking over by telegram? Not a bit of it. President Dar is not the man to send buckets of cold wanted to embrace his friends and swore that he had not felt so well for twenty years. He has since been taking the brandy regularly and maintains that he is growing younger every day. At all events, he is a much pleas-anter companion than hitherto, and his friends are surprised and delighted at the transformation so suddenly worked in the erstwhile miserable hypochondriac.

Bill Nye Relates Some Incidents on Board Ship. See the Sunday World.

A "POME" FROM ARKANSAS.

(BY A SEVEN-TRAR-OLD. PRINTED WITHOUT EDITING. One day Bill Nye strolled out to see The big baseball game after tes. And thought it would be admission free; But he was mistaken in the fee, And had to watch the New Yorks play Through a hole in the fence on a very hot day.

Little Bock, Ark.

A Talk with the Mighty Potentate of the Greek Church in Jerusalem. In Sunday's World.

EMERSON P. BERRS, aged seven years.

Time for liverything.



" Ain't it most watahmillum mammy ?

"Watahmillum time, yo' brack idjit, n' sundown two hour off yit; don' yo'know yo' tather berry tickler when he picks 'mil-lums? Watahmillum's nebber no good fosh dark, no how!"

Remember, Wilkie Collins's Greatest Romance Is Now Running in the Sunday

## MITES OF HUMANITY

Their Sufferings and Ailings Treated by the Free Doctors.

The Needy Parents, Too, Have Many Wants Supplied

Nell Nelson's Adventure with an Ice-Cream Brigade.

•	THE CONTRIBUTIONS.
0	
	Already acknowledged
	Donkey party 17.1
n	Ernestine and Josephine Flatow and Flora Gantz
	Brill Bros. Conductor No. 22. 1.0 M. A. W 1.0
	Julia Wood.
d	Not Busted   1
1	

A Zealons Wonker.

In the Editor of the Evening World; I promised when I sent you my quarter to try and collect some more for you. I sent to my circle of King's Daughters in Hartford. but most of them were away for the Summer, but I collected \$1, which I trust will help some poor baby to feel a little better. Whenever I have a chance to get any more I shall certainly remember the babies. With a God bless you for your good work, I am simply

A KING'S DAUGHTER, from Florida. Addle's Novel Scheme.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
White looking over the columns of The EVENING WORLD my attention was attracted to the Baby Fund, and I thought I would do what little I could to help. My means of securing the inclosed was by taking a bottle and filling it with kernels of corn. I went among my friends and asked them five cents for a chance at guessing how many kernels there were in the bottle, the one who came the nearest to receive a prize. In that way i collected the sum of \$2, and hope it will help to relieve some poor little sufferers.

Appre WATERBURY, Darien, Conn.

The Harlem Misses' Entertalament. to the Editor of The Evening World .

The accompanying \$48.75 was obtained for THE EVENING WORLD'S Fund for Sick Little Children through an entertainment given on Thursday night at New York League Hall. It was gotten up by little girls who feel deep sympathy for the unfortunate babies of the poor, whose sorrows and privations we have read so much about in Tur EVENING WORLD. We are now going to form ourselves into an association, the object of

which is to belp the unfortunate, FLORENCE AINLEY, President. ANNIE QUINTERO, Vice Fresident. MAREL HURD, Secretary. DAISEY QUINTERO, Treasurer FLORENCE HUNT. EVA MERDEL, DORA WOLFE, NELLIE MELLOR, ALICE BENEDICY, GERTBUDE RUBIN, LORETTO RYAN. LOBETTO KELLY.

Collected by Three Little Maids. To the Editor of The Evening World: Please accept inclosed 60 cents collected by

three little maids for the Babies' Fund. W.

hope it will give pleasure to some little one as it gave us to collect it. EBNESTINE FLATOW, JOSEPHINE FLATOW,

FLORA GANTZ, New England Flats, East Ninety-fourth A Concert for Charity.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Please find inclosed \$2 from a children's concert for the benefit of the poor babies. DASIE FULLERTON, MABEL BROWNE. ABUE ALBOGEN. Riverside, Paterson, N. J.

A Far Rocksway Donkey Party.

Inclosed please find \$17.90, the proceeds of a donkey party held last evening in the Hoffman Cottage, Far Rockaway. The little ones who arranged the affair-the Misses Rosamond N. and Theodora L. and Masters Leo O. and Julian L. -express the hope that their contribution to THE EVERING WORLD'S fund for mek babies will do something towards relieving the necessities of those whose cause you so nobly champion. HOFFMAN COTTAGE.

Gives Part of His Winnings.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Please accept inclosed \$1 for your fund, from a sporting man who has pledged himself to give \$1 from every \$5 won at the races, and hoping to hear from me again NOT BUSTED. soon I remain

Hotel Guests Act for the Fund. The charitable boom for THE EVENING WORLD's Free Doctor Fund is still doing big things among the good folk at the watering places. The lovely little village of Englewood, N. J., is the latest to be heard from. The guests of the Englewood Hotel in their amiable interest in the suffering infants of the tenement-houses, got up a theatrical entertainment at the hotel last Wednesday night and netted the neat sum of \$11. The kindly Thespians may rest assured that they have acted very well on this occasion and that the babies will applaud their histrionic

BESIEGED BY A CROWD.

Nell Nelson Offers to Treat Ton Boys and Is Surrounded by Hundreds.

Dr. Gillespie knows every garret and cellar residence in his district, has a speaking acquaintance with some three hundred children and haif as many mothers, and when his work is finished the following record from his note-book is transferred to a summary sheet and submitted to Chief-of-Staff Dr.

Foster: 13 Monroe street, 6 months, diarrhosa,
13 Monroe street, 9 months, bronchitis,
13 Monroe street, 4 months, dentition,
13 Monroe street, 1 month, diarrhosa,
13 Monroe street, 6 months, diarrhosa,
13 Monroe street, 6 months, diarrhosa,
33 Monroe street, 1 month, diarrhosa,
34 Monroe street, 9 months, cholera infan-

y. 71 Division street, 254 years, bronchitis. 71 Division street, 2 years, cholera morbus. 71 Division street, 2 years, congestion of the

lungs.
71 Division street, 3 years, nicerated throat.
71 Division street, 7 months, choices infantum.

44 Cherry street, 9 years, general debility.

44 Cherry street, 5 months, diarrhess.

44 Cherry street, 6 months, diarrhess.

44 Cherry street, 9 months, diarrhess.

143 Cherry street, 8 months, Summer contains.

137 Cherry street, 12 months, Summer com-137 Cherry street, 18 months, Summer com-plaint. 137 Cherry street, 3 years, Summer complaint. 148 Cherry street, 254 years, nervous pros-

148 Cherry street, 236 years, hervola persition.
148 Cherry street, 236 years, worms.
146 Cherry street, 236 years, bronchitis.
146 Cherry street, 2 years, bronchitis.
146 Cherry street, 2 years, bronchitis.
196 Cherry street, 6 months, diarrhess.
77 Henry street, 12 months, diarrhess.
77 Henry street, 11 months, dentition.
77 Henry street, 11 months, dentition.
77 Henry street, 3 years, diarrhess.
10c cream for 50 tenement children.
Excursion tickets issued, 22.

Excursion tickets issued, 22.
Free prescriptions, 28.
Cane and shoes for paralytic woman.
Shoes for 2 little viris.
Milk for 15 babies.
Groceries sent to 5 families.
Dinner for 4 families.
Baths for 4 small boys.
Scap for 2 families.
Clothing for 13 infants, 10 children and 5 nothers.

nothers.

Hat, coat and suspenders for 2 small boys.

Sheets and pillon-cases for a consumpt

Sheets and pillow-cases to.
girl.
Splint for a crippled tailoress, only 17 years Luck" pennies for 30.

At Catharine Market an old woman uppertunes us for alms. She has a cane, scarcely twenty inches in length, on which she leans, Her body is bent and distorted, and deformed by age, paralysis and rheumatism. She wears a pair of Arctic overshoes, a sunbonnet shades her dim, old eyes and shelters the withered face, and the tattered, black dress scarcely reaches to her ankles.

We must find a com for her, for if she is not an infant, she is unmistakably in her second childhood. The doctor proceeds to catechise her, but the shopkeepers across the street and all the market women in the neighmade on her shattered ears.

us to her home. By the doctor's time- his arms, trying to give her a bite of the keeper the tottering swollen feet are twenty- lemon drop that is rapidly dissolving betwo minutes covering a block, and the journey has to be given up to escape the following mob, if nothing else.

An honest woman in the crowd, thinking we are trying to kidnap the poor old soul, throws herself in front of the enemy and in a voice penetrating as a tug whistle, wants to know " what we're a-doing with lame Julia?"

The explanation is satisfactory. Poor Julia is seventy years of age. Thirty cars ago she had a home in fashionable Blescker street, and used to do her shopping, marketing and calling in a big carriage. When her husband died, financially ruined, she still had a home and \$5,000, but sickness in the shape of a paralytic stroke overtook her, and every dollar was spent for medical

She was transferred from one hospital to another, pronounced incurable, and in turn transferred from friend to friend, and only found security on the stool of mendicaucy, which some kind-hearted policeman provided for her in Catharine Square. Going home a couple of years ago she was run over by a street-car and her cane and three ribs were broken. You can readily estimate her poverty when told in two years she has not been able to buy a new walking-stick.

Our informant tells us that she lives in Cherry street, with a family rich only in health and heart. To them she brings the few pennies that charity drops into her shapeless, plead ng hand, and whether ill or good fortune comes to her she has a cot and corner at the frugal table. We buy her a pair of seamless shoes, a big stout walkingstick and a market basket filled with potatoes, onions, bread, tea, sugar, outmeal and a splendid lump of beef with "a bit of shoulder "-her special request-all for a very few dollars, for it only takes a mite, you know, to make the wretched smile.

step of a Cherry street house decorating her little fingers with lead rings. At sight of claring that he doesn't keep the frozen dainty the doctor she drops her ornaments, grabs and politely referring us to a rival merchant. his hand with both of her own and walks upstairs with him. Instead of childish prattle, she moralizes.

"Baby's no better. Mother didn't get the medicine. She didn't have no change. My army of poverty's children at our elbow big father is going to get laid off to-morrow, and then we won't need to pick wood under the bridge, 'cause there wou't be nothing to We didn't go to the 'scursion, neither. We haven't any new shoes." By this time we have climbed to the fourth

the destitute family reached. There are five pale-faced children, thiu,

quiet, anxious little beings. The mother is fill her eyes when she hears the doctor's cheery good morning. Three of the little ones are sick, the young-

est dangerously so, but they are without clothing and cannot use the fresh-air tickets. We get medicine and milk, and latera bundle of clothing is sent to the family sufficient for the three little ones.

" And what are you going to have for din-

" Nothing," our small escort answers. " What would you like ?"

" Corn. " Green corn ?"

there's some." The boy, eleven years old, wishes he could have watermelon, and little gray-eyed Kate, who has a bank with nothing in it but a hole. only wants a cupful of milk with crackers on

"No, white corn. I'll show you where

We get the corn, melon, milk and crackers; we get a chicken and some rice to make a broth for the baby, and another dollar buys a box of oaten meal, a paper of eggs, some fresh butter, a bag of rolls, half a pound of tea, two pounds of sugar, and an ounce of brandy to be used in the bread and milk, a spoonful at a time.

There is a sick baby in the flat below with bright specks of eyes full of sadness and wonderment. He lies in a cracker-box resting on the window-sill quietly sucking a knotted rag that has been dipped in cold water. The poor mother is at the wash-tub rinsing out the clothes on which she depends for a livelihood.

"No, doctor, I didn't take the prescrip "Why not? I told you to go to 49 Catha-

rine street, and that you could get it for and idiotic youths, all clamoring, demand- THE WINNING FISH-STORY nothing.

"I know that, doctor; but I couldn't usk any druggist to give me medicine for nothing. "I haven't the heart. I think he's doing well, but I will get paid for this work on Saturday, and then I can buy the medicine."

There is a ronabout under the table trying to balance a pop-bottle on his tongue, and we use him as an excuse for the fifty-cent piece | bread." with which we would not hurt the mother's

three legs, one of them wooden and the straightest and strongest in the lot. His mother is employed in a sea-side hotel, and does not get home but on alternate nights, so that poor Jerry is left to his own thoughts and the miseries of neglect. This morning his thin, bony legs are very black, and little wedges of Bowery mud separate his toes, It is shameful, but instead of a lecture I give him 25 cents for which he solemly promises to take a foot bath and "duck his head" for | dow two feet square. There are three gentwenty-five consecutive nights. By that time it is to be hoped, Jerry will have become adjected to the habit of personal cleanliness.

The transaction is overheard by barefoot anchor. "Give me '10 cents if I soak my head and

feet, missus ?"

" Every night for ten weeks?" 'Yessum."

Sure ?" "Sure's I live," and he gives me his dirty little hand as a pledge, and I pay over the dime with the full consciousness that the

lessons will be remembered. The next bit of mortality with whom we have dealings is five-year-old Willie, who wants to know if the doctor is of THE EVEN-ING WORLD Staff.

"Well, I knows where a baby is sick." We are all interest and follow the barefoot o the top floor. The sick baby happens to be a two-year-old blonde and Willie's sweetborhood hear him before an impression is heart. She was sick in January, and while the mother is recounting the particulars of At great vocal expense we get her to take the attack Mr. William has his best girl in

When again we reach the street there is a mail boy just recovering from fever waiting to see the doctor. His eyes are sunken, poverty has crowded every hour. his cheeks hollow his line parched and the slender figure is skeleton-like in its emaciation.

"Well, young man what can I do for you?" Dr. Gillespie asks.

" Piense get me a dish of ice-cream." "Yes, indeed; where's the nearest place ?"

"Mister Doctor, please can I go ? small boy asks.

" Just down here. I'll take you."

" Me, too, doctor?" pleads a third. "Doctor, can I go?" There are ten in the group, wee, stunted tarvelings, the delicacy will only cost a dime, and I risk the wrath of the editor, re-

lieving the doctor of all responsibility by in-

viting the jealous nine along with the fever patient. With the doctor in advance we descend apon an apoplectic lady in a basement, who keeps kindling wood, dairy products, notions and various other things, among them ice cream. The sudden arrival of so much cus tom disconcerts the merchant, and for a few minutes she does nothing but gape and revolve about the ice cream freezer. We are ten and there are only six dishes in the

establishment. "Pil take mine in a cup," one enthusiast

with a blister on his nose, says. "So will I," three others pipe in unison. But that does not solve the difficulty, for the truth is there is only a quart of cream in the freezer, and that would never go round, so we are forced to hunt for a larger supply.

The moment we quit the basement shop we repent, for the next place is two blocks away and the crowd enlarging at every step. Retreat would be dangerous, there is nothing to do but grin and hurry along to an Italian cropped to the very scalp, sits in the door- who, with one glance at my guests, forfeits his passport to the kmgdom of heaven by de-

He is down in Catharine street, and by the time we reach his place of business we find ourselves uncomfortably prominent, the whole neighborhood in an uproar and an

enough to fill an armory. Without giving the unsupecting restaurateur a chance to decline our patronage I get the patient doctor to guard the door, count in fifty and repulse the rest.

The limit comes in with a rush, pell mell floor, and the small gabbler is short of headforemost, and for a moment pandemobreath. Two more landings are turned and nium reigns. The caterer is wild, so is his wife, and both prepare to defend themselves, one seizing a pail of water and the other broom. I pacify the savage infantry with a watching her sick babe, and smiles and tears | few Delsarte gestures and make a bid for the ice cream, which is refused on the spot.

"I wouldn't feed them for no money, Take them out please." But I haven't the courage and the doctor threatens to leave

There is nothing to do but turn dollar bills into dimes, give each juvenile one and invite him to go away as far as his legs and money will take him.

This scheme is tried and the ice cream parlor emptied in ten minutes, but the crowd is at the door, on the pavement, in the gutter, on the opposite sidewalk and in the street between the two.

There are infants in arms; runabouts, half dressed; small children with whooping cough, bronchitis and other movable maladies that prev on infancy; old women with hollow chests, phantom faces, palsied hands, and twisted and deformed limbs; old men with chattering jaws hobbling about on crutches; young women with old faces and begging eyes, and here and there crippled

## Summer Weakness

Is quickly overcome by the toning, reviving, and blood urifying qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This populamedicine drives off that tired feeling and cares sick bead-ache, dyspepais scrofula, and all humors. Thousands tes-tify that Hood's Sarsaparilla. 'makes the weak strong,'
'My health was poor, as I had frequent sick head-aches, could not sleep well, did not have much appetite, and had no ambition to work. I have taken less than a bettle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and feel like a new perbottle of Hood's Samaparilla and feel like a new pe son," Mns. W. A. TURKER, West Hanover, Mass N. B. -It you decide to take Houd's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1: six for \$5. Prepared only by C. 1. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

ing, imploring and praying for help. "Please, sir, can't you give me a few

pennies?"

thing."

" For the love of the mints give me some

"I am hungry, doctor, won't you help

"In God's name, let me have a dime for

"Listen to me, lady, and I'll pray for you night and day, Thin, troble voices ask for "a penny," and hands are extended in mute appeal.

Surrounded by this motley, howling crowd of unfortunates, we force our way and board a street car to escape its piteous appeals and lamentable needs. In the rear of another Cherry street house

our final visit is made, and the severest destitution is encountered. The first family lives on the ground floor,

in two small rooms, each broken by a winerations-a babe five months, a girl-mother eighteen years old and their mother, who has a spinal trouble that renders her helpless.

On the paltry \$2,50 that the deserted wife earns in a box factory the group of misery is Mikey, aged seven, in whose left cheek some 'kept under shelter. Kind friends in the India ink fiend has planted the fluke of an neighborhood supply them with cold bites and pinches of tea, sngar and meal. For several weeks good Dr. Giliespie has kept them in meal tickets; but for all that, it is a tamishing group, wretched in the extreme,

without clothing, shoes, vitality or money. To-day the mother and her sick baby are out, and the old grandmother begs for a few pennies to buy milk for the tiny creature. 'You have no money? None at all? How

are you going to get your dinner?" "We haven't a penny in the world, but what is coming to my daughter for her work at the factory. The child here does the running for a woman upstairs, and she is owing her a cold bite and a bit of meat for our dinner. Go up to her now, Maria," addressing the little girl, "and see if she wants you."

The remnant of our money is very small, out inter we shoe the errand girl, dress the sick baby and provide nourishing foods

Three other sufferers, not one a year old. are found in the same house, for whose comfort and relief free prescriptions and excursion cards are filled out, and so ends the day in which riotous suffering and tumultuous

The Death Rate. Yesterday there were 105 deaths, fortyight of which were children under five years fage. The causes were :

Marasmus Whooping Cough Diphtheria GENERAL SPORTING NEWS.

SPORTING MEN. Dan Herty, the winner of the last six-day go-as-you-please wa'k in Madison Square Garden, would like to meet Albert in a sixday and six-night walk for \$500 a side, or he is open to the world in a sweepstakes match. Billy O'Brien says he would like to have Dan go to Boston and walk in a six-day go-as-you please race, or he will back him against Jimmy Albert and all the other peds for any sum of money up to \$1,000. If Albert wants

GOSSIP CONFINED TO THE WORLD OF

a sweepstakes race O'Brien says he will get one up for him. O'Brien would also like to have Noremac enter the race if one can be arranged to suit the record men. Johnny Reagan will have a big "send off" on the 26th instant, just before his departure for California to fight young Mitchell. Among the "talent" who will appear are Prof. Mike Donovan, Mike Falv. Billy Miltigan, Danny O'Brien, Billy Leedham, Charley Lvons. Tom Green, Jack Files, Jack Ashton, Gus Mumtord, Patsy Bull, Sailor Brown, Paddy McCarty, 'Mike Cushing, Jim McNamee, Jimmy Lynch, Jack Hopper, Cal McCartby, Chappie Moran, Tommy Kelly, Billy Teeser and other boxers. Terry Sharkey and Feeser and other boxers. Terry Sharkey and Ed Jones will give a Gracco-Roman wrestling bout, best two in three falls. The Palace Rink has been engaged for the occasion. Reagan will wind up with some clover mid-

dle-weight. Greek George is still in the field against any of the wrestlers or sparrers. He will meet Louis C. Pelton on Monday at Paterson, N. J., and also James Farrar, the first-named in a Greeo-Roman match on horseback, and the latter at carch-as-catch-can on the stage, for a stake and ways of \$300. for a stake and purse of \$300.

\*Ed Pollock, who claims the smateur championship of the East River, says he will accept the challenge of John Morrissey to swim for \$25 a side, provided the winner gives the stakes to the Sick Baby Fund of The Evening Would or any charitable institution. Pollock is an amateur and a member of the Rhieneiust Swimming Club. The life-size crayon portrait of John L.Sullivan, as he appeared in his ring costume at the Richburg fight, is on exhibition at Crook's place in Centre street, where it is to be raffled

The work was done by Ben Drohan, a artist, and is said to be very true to life Any boys not over tifteen years old who wish to join an athletic club, should address or call on J. Mehar at 179 Varick street.

A cable despatch to the Police Gazette announces that Jem Smith and Frank P. Slavin have each posted £200 with the Sporting Life for a match for £1,000 a side, under London prize ring rules, for the championahip of the world and the Police Gazet e belt.

The Latest.



Young Lady-Mercy ! What a strangelooking dog! What breed is it? Fancier-We call him a Russell mum, 'cause his head is so big.

The regular use of MONRLL'S TRETHING CORDIAL

JUDGE BLACKFORD AWARDS THE GOLD DOUBLE-EAGLE TO "PUNTA RASSA."

Commissioner of Fisheries Eugene G. Blackford, who kindly agreed to act as judge in the popular Fish-Story Contest, has awarded the prize of a gold double eagle to " Punta Rassa," Judge Blackford's letter is as follows :

Judge Blackford's letter is as follows:

In the Editor of The Evening World.

At last I have been enabled to finish reading the series of fish stories published in the Evening the series of fish stories published in the Evening World.

At last I have been enabled to finish reading the series of fish stories published in the Evening the series of fish stories published in the Evening world with the series of the difficulties that were ahead of me, the contest having been arranged on such a liberal and broad scheme, without any qualifications or conditions as to truthfulness. It has simply settled down to a question as to who has told the best fish le and alter careful consideration. I have decided that the story published in The Evening World of Saturday, June 29, entitled 'Saved by a Tarbon," and signed 'Punta liassa, 'is entitled to the gold double-eagle, for the beat fish story. If I were asked to award it to the most truthful man, I should veriamly decide that it belonged to our good-looking Mayor, Hugh J. Grant, who had the experience in your issue of June 26.

I shall certainly preserve the file of Evening World scortaining these fish stories, among which I recognize so many old friends. Respectfully submitted, Evening O. Blackworn. Following is the successful fish story:

SAVED BY A TARPON.

Startling Adventure of a Florida Fisherman and Its Happy Ending.

startling Adventure of a Fierida Fleberman and Its Happy Ending.

To the Editor or The Errange World:

It was at Punta Rasea, Fis., in the Summer of 1887 I prepared my skiff for a good fishing bout, and pulled out into the deep waters in the hope of catching one of those far-famed "red ropers," as the natives call them. I had just thrown over my line with hook well baited with a fair-sized shiner when I felt a savage tug at the end of my line. I gave a quick, responsive jerk, but in doing so lost my balauce, failing headlong backward overboard. My impulse was to hang onto the line, and as I was sinking I got several turns of it around my arm and hand. Being no awimmer I felt that my only hope was in that frail line. It auddenly relaxed, and I seemed to be going down, down to a bottomless grave. Hope deserted me. I knew that I was drowning.

Suddenly I felt my arm lifted by an invisible hand and was oulled up with powerful jerks. Suddenly my head bumped against the bottom of my skiff, and the next instant my hand was jammed against the gunwale.

I claing there gasping for breath. After awhile I raised my head high out of the water, resting my chest on the gunwale of the boat. The right that met my eyes brought me still further to consciousness.

There, in the bottom of my skiff, was a large tarpon, his head under the thwart, and the line, an "ordinary twelve thread," was closely wound around the monster's tail. In his frantic efforts to excape after he had jumped into the skiff he had hauled me to the surface by his wriggling. I was not long in wriggling into the boat myself, and brought my prize—a hundred pounder—to land.

PUXTA RASSA.

The delay in awarding this prize has arisen from the difficulty of locating the prize winner.

from the difficulty of locating the prize winner. He changed his address aft r ending in his cofftribution, and his present address is unknown. He will kindly inform THE EVENING WORLD of his whereabouts, mentioning also his former addressito avoid any possible deception, and the

prize will be promptly handed over to him.

"The World's" Becky Sharp Reviews the Dress Parade at Saratoga Springs for the Sunday World.

A Want of Unity.



Mrs. Wallbeck-I'm so sorry to hear of your little boy's illness. Scarlet fever, isn't it? Mrs. Coolberg-Yes; so the doctor says; and it's dreadfully aggravating. We just had the nursery redecorated in blue and gold, and Freddy doesn't match it a bit.

Charmed by a Snake.

[From the Mason (Ga.) Telegraph.]
By the wonderful presence of mind of Mrs. R. L. Henry vesterday morning the little daughter of the family was saved from a terrible death. The family some time ago moved out to Rutherford place, on the Hou ton road. Yesterday morning, while one of the little girls was playing in the yard, the mother looked out and saw that she was standmother looked out and saw that she was standing perfectly still, and with her eyes firmly fixed upon an object in the grass. Hardly thinking that her child was in danger, the mother came out into the yard, and as she approached the place where the child stood, she noticed a large snake almost four feet in length, coiled up and ready to strike, within an arm's length of the little one. The child had actually been charmed and could not move from the spot. The mother, with a loud cry, seized a stick and struck the reptile, preventing an attack. She afterwards killed it. The narrow escape from death of her daughter gave Mrs. Henry a serious shook.

Oklahoma's Negro Colony.

[ Topeka Special to Chicago Inter O Jack Young and D. Garrett, leaders of the Oklahoma colored colony, are in the city. They report the colony in a flourisning condition, and their crops, though small, are looking well. Their cotton, which was planted about May 15, is in bloom. They say cotton will prove a success, and will yield a bale per acre if planted in time. Young and Garrett have induced 911 colored men to locate upon Government land in Oklahoma, taking 160 acres each, or 145,760 acres in all. They have laid out a town site near the cen-They have laid out a town site near the cear-tre of the colony, being the northeast quarter of section 13, township 17, range 6 west. The name of the town is Lincoln, located on the north bank of the Cimarron River, and is destined to be the county seat, as they have five townships and are in the majority ten to

A WOMAN'S PRIDE.



MME. A. RUPPERTA world-renowned FACE BLEACH is not a cometic, but a thorough cleaner of the complexion, having the same effect on the face as same effect on the race as our wearing apparel, by friction, has on the rest of the bedy, thus gently re-moving the dead, callous cuticle that covers the pores, cleaning the latter of all poisonous fillings, and

accumulating there for years. Having this action it cannot fail to clear any skin and remove entirely freckles, moth-patch, black heads, chronic pimples, excems, some, roughness and any discoloration or bismish of the complexion. Face Bleach has been thoroughly tested; horrible complexions cleared by its use for public inspection, ladies on arbitutions at office with public inspection; ladies on arhibition at office with one side of their face cleared and other side as it was originally. Seen by over 5,000 indies, who will testify to truth of statement. Face Bleach sent to any address m receipt of price; one bottle, 82; three bottle tusually required to clear the complexion), \$5. Send & cents postage for complete particulars and catalogue of wonderful Face Bleach. MME, A. RUPPERT, 30 E. 14TH ST. 4 202 W. 42D ST., NEW YORK CITY.

drawing from beneath the skin all impurities or discolorations that have been